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BY A. G. CHADWICK. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SEPTEMBER 12, 1837. VOL. I. NO. 6.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

The following sketch is from the pen of Rev. Mr Cheever, extracted from his letters published in the N. Y. Observer:—

"Ascending from the village towards the precipitous face of the mountain, you come to the intersection of several roads, some of them leading around the southern and eastern extremity, and communicating with each other higher upwards to the summit. The lowest of all carries you in its branches through a series of savage gorges, which reminded me of the jagged, outjutting cliffs in the Notch of the White Mountains. They were perhaps produced by the same convulsion, which must have rent the continent of Europe and Africa asunder. A little farther on, and you stand upon Point Europe, one of the ancient pillars of Hercules. Passing around this point toward the eastern side of the mountain, along a road constructed on a natural shelf, and sometimes beetling over the Mediterranean, you arrive, after some distance, at the point where the road and the fortifications at the north and east terminate entirely in the perpendicular face of the rock. Thence southward the rough path winds upwards to a gateway hewn from the mountain, through which you pass out upon a broad plain, overlooking the whole southern and eastern promontory, which you have been at a lower point encompassing.

From thence the ascent northwards leads you to a strange and lonely spot, called the Jews' burying-ground. Here they inter all their dead; and surely so singular a choice for a cemetery was never heard of; a bleak, rocky slope, almost on the topmost ridge of mountain, the wind howling wild across it, and not a shrub to relieve its savage aspect. It really forms a vivid, melancholy emblem of this desolate, outcast, wandering, persecuted, unbelieving people—"a people scattered and peeled." The tomb-stones, which are very numerous, are flat slabs of stone or marble, laid upon the sepulchres, close beside each other, with long Hebrew inscriptions on most of them. It seems as if the world, not content with making the Jews its off-scouring in life, had here cast out their dead in scorn upon its uttermost rocky limits. What a scene will such a place exhibit in the resurrection, when, breaking from their rocky cerements, they shall look on him whom they pierced, and every eye shall see him!

A short distance more of zigzag ascent brings you to the highest summit of this end of the mountain, amidst the ruins of the tower built by Governor O'Hara. Nothing can exceed the sudden sublimity of the scene that here expands around and before. It is as if an unexpected world had burst upon the view. Southward you have in full sight the whole northern coast of Africa from Ceuta to the Atlantic, tracing also its windings within the Mediterranean, till it is completely lost in the distance. A step towards the west, and the beautiful bay of Gibraltar is at your feet, the ships diminished to cockboats in the harbor, the towns of Algeciras and San Roque on the opposite side dotting the water's verge, and the mountains retiring into the horizon, clad in all the splendid hues of sunset. Past the extreme point of the Spanish coast, the eye takes in a dim and distant view of the Atlantic. Again, a step to the East, and on the other side you gaze far down the sheer abrupt perpendicular of the mountain into the deep bosom of the Mediterranean. A world of water lies before you, a space of sea such as my eye never before commanded, and in the vastness of its extent, the depth of its coloring, and its awful repose, a symbol of eternity. All this, witnessed at the hour and amidst the hues of sunset, and beneath a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, constituted a scene of mingled sublimity and beauty, which I thought must always remain a portion of my mental imagery. The hand of God was in it, and the idea of omnipresent love; and indeed it was a place and an hour to understand the meaning of the sacred historian, when he said that *'the Spirit of God brooded upon the face of the waters.'*

Freedom of the Mind.—I call that mind free which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with sufferings whenever they are seen, which conquers pride and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively formed by outward circumstances, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement—acts upon an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to humanopinions, which feels itself accountable to a higher law than that of fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave of the many or the few.—*Dr. Channing.*

THE LOST BRIDE:

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"A tale of th' olden time
When he was rich who had a happy home;
And love, pure virtuous love, a pearl of price,
Was placed above the show of fashion's gauds,
And piety was deemed the crown of life."

However much we may boast of our advances in knowledge and improvements in the arts, since the days of our fathers, the pilgrim settlers of New England, it is by no means certain that we have advanced in the knowledge of our duties towards heaven, or in the art of living happily on earth. Abundance does not bring content, nor security insure us peace. The passion for excessive wealth, always the ruling one in an age of trade and speculation, has a far more withering influence on the tender and kindly feelings of our nature, those soft emotions whose virtuous indulgence make so large a portion of the heart's pure happiness, than have dangers, or privations, or even poverty. That devotion to one dear object, which constitutes the romance of love, is not cherished where *fortune* is considered an indispensable ingredient in the marriage contract; nor is the domestic union of such a couple cemented by that mutual confidence, those kind, yet unobtrusive attentions, and reciprocal sacrifices to promote the happiness of each other, which confer so much of the real felicity of wedded life, the felicity arising from the certainty of being beloved.

Our ancestors must have enjoyed this certainty. Nothing save that affection which is stronger than the fear of death, that love which "woman's own fond spirit" can only feel, could have induced *her* to consent to share the dangers and distresses of the wilderness. Her empire is the heart; to rule there, what will she not do or suffer? The men had a wider sphere of ambition. They intended to found a nation whose faith should be pure, and freedom unconquerable. Yet even then their dearest hopes must have centered in their own families. When husbands and fathers went armed to their labor, and dared not venture from the sight of their homes, lest the savage enemy should surprise the helpless inmates, could they fail in love and fidelity to those they guarded so sedulously? And what smiles of gladness, gratitude and love must have welcomed their return from those who were dependant on them, not only for support, but for protection, for life! Neither riches nor rank influenced the choice of Robert Wilson, when he selected Mary Grant for his wife. Mary was poor and an orphan. Her father died on his passage to N. England, whither he was fleeing from a religious persecution that had confiscated his property, and for three long years held him confined in a prison. He at length escaped, and with his wife and child embarked, as he hoped and prayed, for a better land. His prayer was doubtless answered in mercy, for his was not a constitution or mind that could long have struggled with the hardships of the wilderness: he died the day before the vessel entered the harbor of Boston. His wife survived him only two weeks, and the little weeping Mary was thrown upon the charity of strangers in a new world.

They had kind hearts in those old times, and though their own portion was ever so small, our pilgrim ancestors always imparted a share to the needy. Mary found many willing to wipe away her tears, and shelter her in their homes, and finally in Captain Waldron and his amiable wife, protectors indulgent as parents.

Captain Waldron resided at Dover, N. H., then considered as belonging to Massachusetts. He found Mary Grant at the house of a friend of his in Boston, and was so interested in her story and appearance, that he carried her home, and, having obtained the consent of his wife, adopted her as his daughter.

Captain Waldron was a man of consequence in Dover, and his wife was considered one of the elite: it was frequently remarked that they would make quite a fine lady of Mary. But the qualifications for ladies were not, at that period, graduated on precisely the same scale at Dover or indeed in New England, as is now thought indispensable. Mary was called well educated, and yet she had never been taught dancing or embroidery, nor had she ever studied French, music or Euclid.

She could read English, however, as fluently as any modern fine lady, and read, too, with those tones of feeling which penetrate the heart of the listener. Her voice had music in its expression, and she sung so sweetly, that no *gallant amateur* but must have preferred the warbling of her "wood notes wild," to the most scientific performance of a modern bell on that much tortured instrument, the piano. Moreover, Mary could sew, and knit, and spin, and milk, and lay the table, and prepare a dinner in the very best style, and all before she was seventeen. Then nature, whose gifts are far more to be desired than those of fashion or fortune, had been prodigal to Mary. She was the fairest lady in the country, and many an aged woman, when gazing on her sweet face, would shake their heads, and prophecy that she was not long to remain in this dark world.

Mary's beauty was not of the kind that is "unchangingly bright:" it was the loveliness of sentiment, the benignity and purity of the soul within, which gave to her countenance its irresistible charm. Her chesnut hair just touched with a golden tint, curled round her lovely, meek and fair forehead with a grace and luxuriance which art cannot imitate. The lilly might perhaps have been thought to have predominated too much in her complexion, had not the least emotion called the blood so quickly and eloquently to her cheek: and the pensiveness of her soft blue eyes always changed to the lustre of joy, when she welcomed a friend.

Still Mary's disposition was rather inclined to pensiveness. The recollection of her parents, whose deaths she still remembered, or that feeling of desolation and loneliness, which will, at times, press on the hearts of those who can claim no kindred tie, had given to her face an expression of mild sadness, and to her character a cast of pensive seriousness which, probably, under happier auspices, she would not have exhibited. Her's was just that kind of melancholy thoughtfulness which, in the aged, we call wisdom, but which, when possessed by one so young and fair, is often said to forbode brevity of life, or misfortunes in the world. And such had often been predicted the fate of Mary. But while she had been invested with all those feminine charms which have such an irresistable influence over the hearts of men, it is not strange that she should have been sought by many, nor that when young Robert Wilson had once seen and loved her, he should be determined to obtain her.

Robert Wilson was a native of Boston. His father, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, was one of the first settlers of that colony; a true puritan he was, steady and sturdy in his opposition to, and abhorrence of every tenet leaning towards prelacy or popery. He was an ardent, enthusiastic and pious man; but a very proud one. He was proud of the sacrifices he had made, and the persecutions he had endured for conscience sake; and proud that he was accounted a shining light in the colony. And it is probable that the sway he acquired over the stern and strong minds among whom he mingled in the new world was more gratifying to his pride, than the homage of his vassals and dependents would have been, had he not, by his incorrigible non-conformity forfeited the fair inheritance in England to which he might have succeeded. He was proud too, of his son, and in that he was excusable; Robert was such a son as might justly make a parent glad, if not proud.

Robert had accompanied his father on a journey through most of the settlements in the colony, whither Mr. Wilson went to examine the state of the churches, and endeavor to rouse their zeal and kindle their love. At Dover they tarried several weeks, passing the time mostly at the dwelling of Captain Waldron; and if the father's eloquence failed to warm or gain hearts, the son's persuasions were more successful. But Robert gave his own heart in exchange for Mary's, which no doubt added much force to his eloquence.

Mr. Wilson beheld their mutual attachment with more complacency than those who knew his pride would have expected. Several reasons contributed to this. The maiden's manners pleased him exceedingly; he saw her always industrious and attentive to oblige him, and then he very much wished to have Robert married. It was his favorite maxim, that early marriages made men better citizens; and, moreover, there was a fine piece of land on the banks of the Cochecho which Robert might easily obtain for a farm. Some occurrences in Boston had highly chagrined and disgusted the elder Mr. Wilson: the inhabitants of Dover had treated him with vast respect, and he secretly indulged the intention of removing thither, should his son be prospered. So matters were soon arranged to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. Robert's farm was secured, and after he had accompanied his father to Boston, and procured necessaries for beginning the world, he was to return to Dover, prepare a house, and the means of house-keeping, and then he was to be blessed with Mary's hand.

No lover will imagine that Robert would make his stay at Boston of much duration. Despite the many warm friends among his youthful companions, none could supply the void in his heart which his absence from Mary had caused; and he was soon seen wending his way back to Dover, equipped to settle in the forest.

The appearance of his farm might not have been exactly to the taste of the city bred beaux of the present day. It lay in all the wildness of nature, the tall trees tossing their heads proudly in the wind, as if bidding defiance to puny man, who was seeking to usurp the dominion which they held undisturbed for thousands of ages.—And in the recesses of those dark old woods, often lurked the wily savage, more terrific and bloodthirsty than the prowling lion or the crouching tiger. However, Robert Wilson surveyed the trees and thought of the Indians without shrinking. He had been bred to consider labor, hard hand labor, honorable, even for gentlemen of the first standing and best education. The early colonists were obliged to labor, for hired help could not be obtained—and clergymen, and merchants and lawyers often put their own hands to the spade and axe. And Mr. Wilson had always intended Robert for a farmer, as he observed that he was not over fond of study; and next to being a herald of the gospel, a tiller of the ground was the most righteous and happy calling, in his estimation, a man could pursue.

Such were the father's sentiments, and Robert was prepared to illustrate them in the happiest manner. He had a light heart, a strong arm, a sharp axe, and a sure gun; and the labors and dangers besetting his path of life gave him no more concern than the obstruction of thistle-down in his road to church. He was a tall, finely formed young man, of twenty one, with eyes as black as a thunder cloud, and their flash very much like its lightning. His hair was as black as his eyes, and his rather dark complexion wore such a glow of health, and his whole countenance and demeanor so much of happiness and frank confidence, that all who saw him prophesied, and, indeed, wished success to the handsome and active youth.

Their wishes and his own seemed likely to be realized. In one year from the time of his striking the first blow in the forest, his land wore the appearance of a pleasant cultivated farm. The trees had nearly all disappeared from an area of twenty acres, and the surface was covered and stumps nearly all concealed by a luxuriant harvest. There was the golden wheat, the bearded rye, and tasselled corn as tall and straight as a company of grenadiers; with pumpkins and squashes innumerable, reposing on the ground quietly ripening in the mellow heats of August.

On a gentle rising ground, in the middle of the young plantation stood a small dwelling; I wish I could, with propriety, call it a *cottage*, because to many young ladies it would give such a romantic interest to my story—but truth compels me to confess that, although prettier and more comfortable than their *real* cottages, it was not at all like a cottage of the imagination. It was a building twenty feet by twenty four—formed of neatly hewed logs, the roof covered with boards, the inside divided into two apartments, with one little closet, and the whole lighted by three small glass windows. On either side of this dwelling rose a large elm tree, and several small ones were on the lawn fronting the house, purposely left standing for ornament, and wild rose bushes, and laural and other flowering shrubs had been spared or transplanted to give additional beauty to his rural seat. Thick dark forests, and hills crowned with trees, formed the boundary on every side; but in front of the house the clearing extended to the Cochecho, whose bright waters were seen dancing in the sunbeams, thus affording a charming relief to the eye, after it had dwelt on the gloom of the surrounding wilderness.

To a person always accustomed to the city's elegance or the retreats of ease and opulence, this wild place would doubtless have looked like a dreary prison—gloomy, lonely and terryifying; but to Robert, who would almost call it the creation of his own hands, it was a little Paradise, and when his bird of beauty should be within his bower, he would not have exchanged his home in the woods for those stately halls his mother had often told him of right should have been his habitation.

The wedding day at length arrived. It had always been anticipated by Robert as one that would bring unalloyed happiness; but Mary had often felt sadness, something like a foreboding of misfortune, come over her mind whenever her marriage was alluded to. She could not tell, even her own heart, the cause of this depression; it was not that she felt any doubt of Robert's character or affection: she loved him better than all the world beside, and trusted in the perfection of his goodness as a catholic does in his saint—nor did she fear to dwell in the wilderness—there had not for a long time been an alarm from the red men. Why is that, at times, a shadow will fall on the spirit which no efforts of the mind, no arguments addressed to the reason can dispel?

There were great preparations for the wedding. Captain Waldron liked a parade, and his wife liked to show her housekeeping, and the marriage afforded a justifiable occasion to gain popularity by a display of hospitality. Three o'clock was the hour for the ceremony; then followed the feast; and lastly all the wedding guest who had horses were invited to join and escort the young couple to their dwelling.

Of the wedding dress I shall only say that these were very fashionable then, and would be very monstrous now, and a minute description of antiquated attire ought not to occupy much share in a story so brief, for the events it chronicles, as this must be. The Rev. John Reyner officiated as clergyman; and then the whole party set down to dinner—the long table covered with all good things which the country could supply. At the head of the feast appeared an enormous Indian pudding, (not made of Indians, as an Englishman once inferred such a pudding might be) served up in a huge pewter platter. The plates were of the same substantial material, all shining like silver from a recent scrubbing—then they had roast beef and lamb, and wild game and all the fruits and varieties of the season. But they had no wine nor strong drink of any kind, and the most ultra temperance advocate would have found nothing to censure in the arrangements.

Robert Wilson's house stood about two miles from that of Captain Waldron's and more than half a mile from any habitation. This distance was not considered much, but then it was through the thick old woods and the road was only cut and freed from the obstruction of trees. No carriage could have rolled over the rugged road, but that was no matter, as not a wheel vehicle of any kind, excepting great lumber carts, had ever been seen in Dover. So the gentlemen mounted their goodly steeds, and each gallantly taking a lady behind him, set off, with the bridegroom and bride at the head of the cavalcade in great style, followed by the smiles and good wishes of those who could not join for the lack of steeds. Their progress was joyous and rapid till they entered a winding path through the forest, when a more sober pace became necessary; but Robert's horse being accustomed to the way, still pressed on in advance of the party. The path just before entering the clearing surrounding his house, approached very near the river, the curve being made to avoid a large rock that rose like a wall on the north side of the road, confining its width to a space barely sufficient for a passage. As Robert was turning this rock, Mary uttering a wild shriek, was either torn or fell from her seat, the horse bounding forward at the same instant, and while Robert, calling on his wife, was endeavoring to rein his steed, a gun was discharged by an Indian from behind the rock. The ball struck the horse as he was rearing from the effect of the rein on his breast, and he fell backwards upon his rider.

The report of the gun was followed by a loud shout from the wedding party, not that they suspected the cause of the firing; they supposed Robert had reached his home, and that some of the attendants there had fired the gun as a signal for them to hasten.

Their shout intimidated the savages, who precipitately fled with their prisoner, without attempting to scalp her unfortunate husband.

The party rode joyously up; but who can describe the consternation and horror, on finding Robert stretched apparently lifeless, on the ground, covered with the blood of his horse which they mistook for his own, while the bride was no where to be found. Calamities never fall with such an overflowing force as when they surprise us in the midst of security and happiness. From that party, lately so joyous, was now heard nothing but exclamations of fear, or lamentations over the fate of the youthful pair, or execrations against the enemy. The men were all of them, unarmed, they could not, therefore, pursue the Indians with any hope of rescuing Mary; but having ascertained that Robert was still living, they bore him back to the dwelling of Captain Waldron, from whence he had so lately gone forth in all the flush of youth and joy.

There was no sleep that night in Dover. The inhabitants seemed panic struck. They crowded to the fortified houses—mothers pressing their children closer to their bosoms, as they listened in breathless terror, often fancying that they heard the stealthy tread of the savages; and trembling in agony, as they thought of their horrible yells. But the night passed away without alarm, and a bright morning sun soon dispated their imaginary terrors. Robert had nearly recovered from the effects of his fall; and though his cheek was pale, there was a sternness in his dark eye that told that his spirit was unquelled. It was his determination to seek his wife; and several young men, after they found that his resolution could not be altered, volunteered to accompany him.—They went first to the fatal rock: from thence they followed the Indians nearly a mile into the woods; but for a long time no further traces could be found.

After searching many hours they were joined by a praying Indian, as he was called. Mendowit learned the English language, and became a convert to christianity soon after the colonists settled in Boston.—He had received many favors from the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and had loved Robert from his infancy. He had lately wandered to Dover, and spent the summer hunting and fishing around Robert's farm.

Mendowit soon discovered the trail of the hostile Indians. They had returned on their own steps, after the departure of the wedding party, and kept the narrow path till it joined the more open one; and then they struck off through the wilderness. After following about three miles their encampment was discovered. Mendowit examined it attentively, and also the direction the savages had taken.

"How many are there?" asked Robert.

"Two, besides the captive;" replied Mendowit.

Robert's cheek became paler, as he stooped to pluck from a bush a fragment of lace and gauze, which he knew had belonged to Mary's bridal dress. Placing the fragments in his bosom, he enquired where Mendowit thought the hostile Indians were retreating.

"They are Mohawks," returned the other, "I know by the track of their moccasins; and they will go to their tribe on the great river of the lakes."

"They shall not!" exclaimed Robert stamping with fury, "I will pursue them; I will rescue Mary, or die with her. Mendowit, you know the paths of the woods—will you go with me?" And here he enumerated several articles he would give him, a gun, powder, &c. &c.

"They will go through the hidden paths of the Agiocchook,"* remarked the Indian, thoughtfully.

"We can overtake them before they reach the White Mountains!" said Robert, eagerly. "You shall have the best gun I can purchase in Boston, Mendowit, and a horn full of powder, and a new knife."

These were powerful temptations to the Indian; but a more powerful one was the ancient and inveterate hatred he bore the Mohawks. Revenge is an inextinguishable passion in a red man's breast. Mendowit was a Christian, so far as he could be, without ceasing to be an Indian; but his new principle could never eradicate his early prejudices nor subdue his ruling passion. Now, these Mohawks had injured a Christian friend, and the indulgence of his hatred towards them assumed in his view, a Christian virtue. But there was one obstacle to his accompanying Robert. Mendowit concluded that these Indians would retreat through what is now called the "*Notch*" of the White Mountains; and of that pass he had a superstitious dread:—But Robert urged him with so many persuasions, offered him so many rewards, and suggested also the certainty of overtaking the Mohawks long before they reached Agiocchooks, that Mendowit finally consented.

The sun was just setting when this arrangement was concluded. To follow the Indian trail during the night was impracticable; and Robert now that there seemed a possibility of recovering Mary, became reasonable enough to listen to the advice of his friend, and consent to stay till the ensuing day. The night was mostly spent in preparations for his adventure, or in listening to the advice of Captain Waldron, who thought himself especially qualified to judge of the best method of proceeding in the attack of Indians.

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*Agiocochook—the Indian name of the White Mountains.

Concluded next week

From the Bristol County Democrat.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVE AMONG THE ALLEGHANIES.

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man."

It was now nearly sunrise—the gray of morning was just bursting through the eastern clouds, and the glow of approaching day was blushing upon the lovely stream that flowed beside our path. Ever and anon a flock of wild turkeys would rise from the valley where they had spent the night, and winging their flight quietly over our heads, alighted amid the thick underwood upon the adjacent heights. Now and then a timid fawn would leap from her covert, and after gazing at us a moment, disappear in the dense shrubbery that skirted the road.

The deep and gloomy recesses of the mountains often serve as hiding places for slaves, who not unfrequently leave their Virginia masters—cross into Pennsylvania and secrete themselves, until forced by hunger and cold, the only alternative left them, to throw themselves upon the humanity of their fellow men, or die of starvation.

The morning was so beautiful, the air so refreshing, and the scenery so delightful I had taken a seat with the driver upon the outside of the coach. We had not proceeded far when he stated the fact, that slaves frequently secreted themselves in the deep ravines of the mountains, and remarked that he had captured several during the warm season, and concluded by saying—"There is one now advertised who is undoubtedly near us; I had a glimpse of him yesterday, but he fled with such haste I found it impossible to arrest him, and now I want you to keep a good lookout for the d—d runaway.

Though his request was not very well relished by me, a native of loved and happy New England, and the son of one of those who hazarded their fortunes, their lives and their all for liberty, yet I seemingly consented. We had not proceeded more than a mile when the victim of injustice, cruelty and oppression came full in view, I anticipated a serious affray, and what part would be assigned me I knew not. Fortunately there was no necessity for action. He surrendered without a struggle. Worn to the very bone by hunger and suffering, he formed one of the most heart-rending objects that ever met my eye. While I guided the coach to the next hotel, which was not more than half a mile distant, the driver followed on foot with his prisoner.

We had arrived at the hotel, and as yet there had been no attempt on the part of the wretched being to recover his liberty. The chains were brought out, and as they were being fastened upon him, as if a thought of the sweets of freedom and the horrors of slavery had flashed at that instant across his mind, with strength which seemed not at all his own, he dashed his captors to the earth and fled for the woods. A rifle was brought before he was fifteen rods distant and fired. The ball struck the miserable being in the ham two or three inches above the knee; he